

UNSCATHED UNDER A FALLEN HOUSE.

The Walls That Aged Mrs. Smith Helped Construct Collapse About Her.

Borne to the Cellar, an Arch of Rafter Over Her Saves the Old Colored Woman.

She and Her Husband, with Their Own Hands, Built the House a Half-Century Ago.

PRAYING AS IT WENT TO PIECES.

Says She Heard It Cracking, but Couldn't Bear to Leave the Home They Had Made, So Took Her Bible and Waited.

The old brick dwelling in Jefferson lane, just off Atlantic avenue, near Troy and Brooklyn, in Brooklyn, crumbled to the ground yesterday. When it collapsed Mrs. Sarah Smith, a colored woman of seventy years, was sitting in the kitchen. She escaped uninjured by a chance that was but one in a hundred, and as she emerged safely from the debris she fell on her knees and thanked God.

The building was a landmark in the neighborhood; a curiosity because it was constructed of a mass of ill-assorted bricks and stones held together by mortar plastered on without any regard for external appearance. It was constructed a half century ago by Mrs. Smith's husband, and she herself helped carry the bricks that yesterday fell in confusion about her head.

The story of how the couple built their own home is a matter of neighborhood tradition, and the accident of yesterday recalled countless incidents about the old colored woman who for thirty-five years, since her husband was drowned at sea, has earned her own living and maintained the home she and her husband built together.

BUILT THE HOUSE THEMSELVES. He was a ship's steward, and while at home from a voyage fifty years ago, bought the lot on which the house stands, for a few dollars. There was only one other house in the neighborhood then, and property was as cheap as it is now in some of the far outlying suburbs. When the ground was bought there was little money left, so young Smith and his wife, with the help of friends, put up the building themselves. They bought second-hand bricks, but they couldn't get enough of these, so they got a lot of cobblestones and put them together for the walls. The woodwork was constructed more skilfully, and the shingle roof must have been well made, for it did duty until it fell.

On account of the poor workmanship the building had been weak for many years, every rain making some of the mortar crumble and fall. Fifteen years ago it was condemned by the Building Department, but Mrs. Smith was pugnacious and wouldn't move, and she was too poor to have it repaired.

Yesterday's rain weakened the walls to the limit, and shortly after 3 o'clock the structure fell, leaving but a portion of two walls standing. The only ones in the house at the time were Mrs. Smith and her grandson, Isaac, who heard the cracking in time to leap through the window. Mrs. Smith fell from the first floor to the cellar, and was there protected by an archway formed by the rafters. She crawled through this passageway to the rear, and was lifted to the ground without having received a scratch or a bruise.

SAYS THE LORD SAVED HER. "The good Lord saved me," she said yesterday, at the home of a neighbor. She is a member of the Schenectady Avenue A. M. E. Church, and had been home from services only a short time when the accident happened.

She said she knew the house was dangerous, and she was always afraid after a rain of it going down, but she had lived in it so long she wanted to die in it. A short time before the building collapsed she had gone outside to look again at the walls, from which the mortar was crumbling, and noticed in the front wall a dangerous crack. She went inside and told her grandchildren, Isaac, aged eighteen years, and Robert, aged thirteen years, that they had better go out and look for some other place to live.

"Then I took down my Bible," she said, "and commenced to read it. I thought maybe the house would fall, but I sort of had faith it wouldn't."

She said that there was a few moments' warning from the cracking before the crash, but she wanted to get out the clothing of some families for which she does washing. She was just about to go after the basket when the crash came.

NOT AT ALL AFRAID. "I just went straight down to the cellar," she said, "and all the house came down after me. I could hear the bricks a-falling and the boards cracking, but I knew the Lord would save me."

Of her struggle for existence since her husband was drowned, Mrs. Smith would say little. Her husband's last successful cruise was from New York to the Pacific coast, around the Horn, and he was on the way back when the ship—Mrs. Smith has forgotten the name of it—went down with all on board.

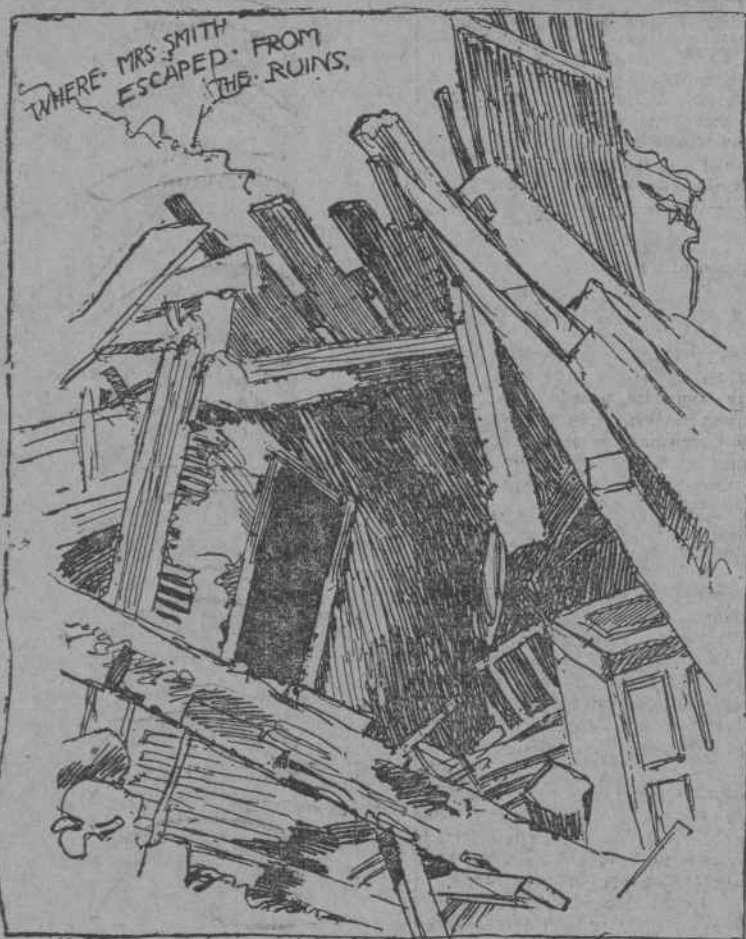
For the last dozen years she has had a constant struggle with the city. She has been sold out and her property has been reclaimed a number of times. She said that Lawyer Philip Balz had saved her home for her from the city, but he is dead now, and she does not know who will help her.

Taken for a Countryman.

Richard T. Morris, of No. 420 East Thirtieth street, superintendent of a coal yard, ordered a ten cent drink in Appel's concert garden in Eighth avenue. He handed the waiter \$1 and did not get any change, the waiter, as he afterward remarked, having taken him for a "hayseed." Two persons at the same table told Morris that they would testify that no change had been returned, and he caused the waiter, whose name was Charles Bonnet, to be arrested. The charge of larceny was not pressed in Jefferson Market Court yesterday, as Morris said Bonnet had since given him the change.

Worsted Mills Go Up in Smoke.

Philadelphians, March 29.—The Glenmore Worsted Mills, owned by Samuel P. Woods & Sons, at Tenth street and Germantown avenue, were destroyed by fire yesterday. The loss on stock and machinery was \$100,000. The loss on the building was about \$40,000. Three hundred hands are thrown out of work.



AGED MRS. SMITH MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPES DEATH UNDER THE FALLEN WALLS OF HER HOUSE. She was borne to the cellar, amid the crashing of timbers and the storm of debris. An arch of rafters, falling over her, protected her, and she emerged unharmed. This house she and her husband built with their own hands fifty years ago, and though she feared it was about to fall, she could not bear to leave it, so took her Bible and waited. She was not in the least injured.

HIS PARTNER WAS AN EX-CONVICT.

"Mendel" Posed to Zeller as an Inventor with Patents of Great Value.

The Latter Paid Bills Amounting to \$528 and Then Found He Had Been Duped.

INVENTIONS WERE NOT PATENTED.

Mendel Proved to Be Bruno Gottschalk, Who Has Served a Term for Grand Larceny and Is Under Another Indictment.

Bruno Gottschalk, alias William Mendel, who for months has, it is alleged, been conducting what the police term, a "shady business," at No. 144 East Fourteenth street, is for the fourth time during his career in this city a prisoner at Police Headquarters. He was arrested late on Saturday night by Central Office Detectives Rynders and Rogers, and will be arraigned in court this morning, charged with swindling. He has already served a term for grand larceny.

A similar charge is also pending against Gottschalk, on which he was indicted and admitted to bail in \$1,000. This was three years ago, and the police say Gottschalk for some reason has never been tried.

Alfred Zeller, of No. 208 Winona street, East New York, says Gottschalk swindled him out of \$528 in cash, and it was on his complaint that the detectives arrested Gottschalk.

Zeller's story is that he was possessed of a small bank account, and was aching to invest it. He wanted to "turn over" his money. An advertisement, signed by William Mendel in a German paper caught his eye. Mendel wanted a partner, and invited intending investors to call at No. 1205 Broadway, Williamsburg.

Mr. Mendel proved to be a gentlemanly appearing person. He showed Mr. Zeller a lot of drawings for "valuable" patents, explaining that he was an inventor. He showed Zeller a drawing of a fire extinguisher, a new fangled insect destroyer and a rat and mouse exterminator, a device for opening cans, sets of fortune telling cards and a score of other inventions. "I hold patents on each in the United States, South America, Australia, England, Germany, France and Belgium," said the proud inventor.

Mr. Zeller was impressed, but cautious. "What security besides these inventions can you offer me?" he asked. "All the security in the world," replied Mendel, as he drove his left hand into the breast pocket of his coat and produced a batch of documents. "Here I have a deed for ten fine lots at Holbrook, Long Island, and here, you see, are two Florida coal bonds for \$5,000 each. I will need but \$200 to push my inventions."

Mr. Zeller was satisfied. The pair went to Robonowicz's printing office, No. 46 Canal street, this city, where a partnership contract was drawn up and signed by each man. Then they went to Brodie's printing office, on Allen, near Livingston street, where Mendel ordered 4,000 packs of his wonderful fortune telling cards to be printed.

Zeller drew out his check book, and was preparing to draw a check for \$100, but he made it \$5 instead. It had suddenly dawned upon him that Mendel had left the securities behind in his Brooklyn house, twelve miles away.

With a fine show of scorn Mendel repudiated the extended \$5 check. Zeller went to his brother, who is in business on Church street, and related his experience with the inventor. The brother advised him to have nothing to do with the inventor, and Zeller decided to take his advice.

But the next day Inventor Mendel called at Zeller's house. Mrs. Zeller received him. This was Mendel's opportunity. "I am the inventor your husband has doubtless spoken of to you," he said. "It is for his good that I come to explain to you—not to him. Bahl! he is suspicious—he is not so smart as you, I can see at a glance."

Mrs. Zeller was delighted, and the inventor finally gathered up his models and parchment rolls and departed.

When Zeller came home that night his wife straightway advised him to invest his money in Mendel's inventions. Mendel and Zeller consequently issued their business cards, and opened an office at No. 144 East Fourteenth street. Zeller footed the bills until \$28 was gone. Then he discovered that the patents were not patents at all, and that his partner was Bruno Gottschalk, an ex-convict.

"I told you so," said Brother Zeller.

"I am a fool," said Zeller.

Mrs. Zeller wept.

Coal Breaker Destroyed by Fire.

Schenectady, Pa., March 29.—Breaker No. 4, of the Johnson Coal Company, at Priceburg, six miles from this city, was totally destroyed by fire last night, together with the engine room, fire room, carpenter and blacksmith shops. The breaker had a capacity of six hundred tons. Three hundred men will be thrown out of employment. The loss will be about \$100,000. Origin of the fire is unknown.

A LIFE-LONG VICTIM OF UNPITYING FATE.

Adam Koefner's Death Came Precisely as Might Have Been Expected.

In the Fancied Security of an Asylum a Last, Fatal Accident Overtook Him.

ILL-LUCK'S PLAYTHING THROUGH LIFE

Had Been Nearly Drowned, Badly Burned, Twice Run Over, Bereft of Reason and Finally Was Strangled by a Piece of Meat.

Adam Koefner was the victim of a peculiar accident at the Asylum for the Insane on Blackwell's Island Saturday which cost him his life. It is supposed that a piece of beefsteak which he was eating in some way became lodged in the larynx. Before aid could reach him he choked to death. The body was removed from the asylum the same day to the home of his wife, in this city, and as the idea of an autopsy is distasteful to her positive knowledge of the cause of his death is not likely to be had. There is little doubt in the minds of the physicians and officials at the hospital, however, that he died of strangulation in the manner described.

The entire life of the man was a story of ever recurring misfortune. He was about forty-five years old, and there was hardly a bone in his body that had not been broken or splintered at one time or another. His face was cruelly distorted by cuts and gashes, and his body was covered with no less than two dozen wounds.

A PLAYTHING OF CRUEL FATE.

Koefner's misfortunes began, so it is said, at a very early period of his existence. He was a boy of four years, living in a small village near Coblenz, on the banks of the Rhine, when he fell into the river and was nearly drowned. This accident was quickly followed by a fall from a tree which caused the breaking of his right collarbone. At the age of seven an oil lamp exploded and the boy was severely burned about the arms and body. He has said that it was eight months before he was able to leave his bed. When thirteen years old he was kicked by a horse and two of his ribs were broken. While on his way to this country as an immigrant at the age of fourteen he fell down a hatchway and

broke his left wrist. He found work in New York as apprentice to a cobbler, and one day drove the awl through his hand and subsequently was moved to the hospital with a bad case of lockjaw. For several years after he left the hospital nothing very serious happened to him. To be sure he stepped on tacks, cut himself with glass and even smashed his fingers now and then, but these occurrences were trivial to a man of his capacity for suffering.

MARRIAGE BROUGHT NO TRUCE. When he had been married about five years he was run over by a brewery wagon and lay in the hospital for four months with broken ribs.

The climax of his misfortunes came first three years ago. He was walking along the tracks of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company when he saw a train approaching. Like a stray animal he stepped upon the tracks, directly in the pathway of an advancing freight train, and was hurled fifty feet down an embankment. How he survived this accident is something the physicians cannot tell. Not one of them held out the slightest hope of recovery. Not only was his right leg broken in two places, his shoulder dislocated, and his hand crushed, but the only sound remaining ribs were broken. To make death seem more certain his skull was torn open, exposing the brain, the pulsations of which physicians watched for hours with deep scientific interest. Then, as Koefner resolutely refused to die, the doctors sewed up the wound. He lived, but he was only, as a neighbor expressed it, "merely the remnant of a man." His vision was impaired, he was a cripple, and his mind was a blank. Then, as his family was very poor, and as there was no hope of restoring his reason, the legal formalities were complied with, and he was committed to the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island.

ACCIDENTS STILL PURSUE. But even there ill-fortune refused him a respite. Once he stumbled on the asylum steps and injured a knee cap. Saturday the first real kindness of his life came to him in the form of Death.

Despite his terribly disorganized physical and mental systems he had an abnormal appetite, and it was all his attendants could do to prevent him from stealing food and over-eating. Saturday morning steak was served the afflicted ones and it is supposed that in some way he purloined a large piece of meat and hid it until such time as he could enjoy it unwatched. It is presumed that in his haste and through fear of detection he forced the entire piece of meat into his mouth and endeavored to swallow it whole. When discovered he was black in the face and choking violently. All efforts to dislodge the meat from the larynx proved vain, and in a few minutes he was dead.

The funeral will be held from the home of his widow, No. 416 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, this morning.

NO ROOM FOR SOCIALISTS.

Central Labor Union Positively Refuses to Listen to Socialistic Orators.

New Charter of the United Brotherhood of Tailors Precipitates a Heated Discussion.

WILL FIGHT THE TAILORS' UNION.

Avowed Determination of the New Organization—Central Labor Union Asks the Secretary of State to Annul the Brotherhood Charter.

The Central Labor Union denounced the Socialists at yesterday's meeting at Clarendon Hall. There is a small element of the Socialist-Labor party in that body, but it was so thoroughly squelched that when a resolution was passed denouncing the tactics of the S. L. P. there was not a dissenting voice.

The subject came up on a complaint of Delegate Herman Robinson, of the Brotherhood of Tailors, that the Socialists had drawn a number of seceders from that body, who had obtained a State charter as the United Brotherhood of Tailors.

"These people," he said, "are followers of a number of suspended officers of the union, against whom charges were brought of betraying the secrets of the union. They held a meeting in New Irving Hall yesterday, and as Saturday is the idle day on the East Side, plenty of people went there out of curiosity, and the affair was exploited as a glorious demonstration of Socialism."

Robinson went on to say that these people were ready to do all the places of the union men in case of a strike, and he added significantly, that they would probably get the opportunity they were looking for. He said that they had obtained a charter as the United Brotherhood of Tailors from the Secretary of State, and asked the Central Labor Union to direct its secretary to present the facts to the Secretary of State and ask that the charter be annulled. He believed that they could be enjoined from using the name United Brotherhood of Tailors.

Delegate Jones, of the Progressive Varinshers, a Socialist, then got up and treated the meeting to a real hot speech on Socialism.

"If this is true," he said, "then the Socialists are moving. They have been working while the old Brotherhood was asleep. If the old Brotherhood does not like it, let it amalgamate with the new Brotherhood."

Jones proceeded to give a glowing exordium to the benefits of socialism. He declared that the Central Labor Union could not stop the march of the Socialist Labor party.

"You are fast becoming back numbers," he went on, "but—"

Here half a dozen delegates got up to say that they did not come to hear a lecture on Socialism.

H. Solomon, another delegate of the Brotherhood of Tailors, said that the Socialists who obtained the new charter were only fooling the people. They were trying to disrupt an organization of about 15,000 people, which had done more toward breaking up the sweating system than any organization in New York.

Jones attempted another Socialist lecture, but was angrily howled down by other delegates, who came to do business. He said that the Socialists were evidently a live and progressive people.

"You talked in a different way when you appealed to the Board of Working Delegates to get the painters to keep their hands off the varnishers' work," retorted Delegate Harris, of the Cigar Makers. "You didn't say the painters were a live and progressive people." This rally was greeted with great applause.

Jones became confused, and said that was a different case. Derisive laughter followed this remark.

Delegate Philip Kelly, of the Theatrical Protective Union, said that he didn't know what the Central Labor Union could do. The Socialists had evidently stolen a march on the Brotherhood of Tailors, and had chartered the name.

This brought Harris to his feet again.

"There is a priority claim for the original Brotherhood of Tailors," he said. "If it can be established that they had the name first, the new element can be enjoined from using it."

Speeches were then made denouncing the Socialists, and a resolution was passed condemning their methods and directing the secretary to write to the Secretary of State, laying the facts before him, and asking him to annul the charter of the New United Brotherhood of Tailors.

The latter make no secret of their determination to split up the union. They have established a labor bureau, and are planning agitation meetings.

KISSES IN A COURT ROOM.

Corcoran's Wife Celebrated His Discharge Till They Were Both Put Out.

John Corcoran, who was torn from the arms of his bride Thursday night during the wedding festivities, which took place at No. 174 Third street, and who has been locked up since on a charge of stabbing one of the guests, Fred Cousins, of No. 620 East Thirteenth street, was brought up for examination in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday.

Cousins, who caused his arrest, told Magistrate Brann he did not wish to press the complaint, as they had all been drinking, and he was not sure who stabbed him. Magistrate Brann discharged the prisoners. When he announced his decision the bride rushed forward and, throwing her arms around her husband's neck, kissed him sixteen times. Magistrate Brann finally said:

"Officer, rush that couple out of court. Let them make love out on the steps if they want to."

STRUCK DOWN FROM BEHIND.

Graber, Who Is Apparently Dying, Does Not Know Who Hit and Stabbed Him.

Eugene Graber, of No. 121 Orchard street, is lying in St. Vincent's Hospital in a critical condition, the result of an assault. Coroner Hoebner took Graber's ante-mortem statement yesterday. Graber said he was walking along Grand street, near Thompson street, Thursday night, when he was struck a blow on the head from behind, which rendered him unconscious. When he came to he found that he had been stabbed in the neck and had been also robbed.

He went to Dr. Farrell's office on Sixth avenue. The doctor dressed his wound and told him his injury was serious. The next day Graber lay in bed, and was taken to the hospital. Graber has a dental establishment at No. 800 Sixth avenue.

HEIRS WILL MAKE A FIGHT.

Mrs. Isabella Irving May Not Be Permitted to Relinquish Her Trust.

Administratrix of the Dolmage Estate Will Be Asked Some Interesting Questions.

VALUABLE FAMILY PLATE MISSING.

Decedent's Heirs Anxious to Learn the Whereabouts of Articles of Great Intrinsic and Historic Value—Case Comes Up To-morrow.

The latest development in the singular complications which have suddenly arisen in the management of the estate of Isabella Dolmage, or Dolmage, deceased, of which Mrs. Isabella Irving, of No. 110 East Fifty-second street, is administratrix, is the determination of the Auld heirs to resist her intention to relinquish her trust.

Mrs. Irving appeared in court Friday last, through her counsel, and asked to have her accounts approved and to be discharged from her trust. She says the heirs are welcome to all they are entitled to, and she will not dispute their claims to relationship. The case is set for hearing to-morrow. But the Auld heirs seem to have changed front, and will ask that Mrs. Irving be not allowed to resign. They assert that Mrs. Dolmage, as they spell the decedent's name, left an estate worth just ten times the market value put upon it by the administratrix, and intimate that some of the securities which were reported to have been removed from the vaults of the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company were originally the property of Mrs. Dolmage. Certain securities of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, the Harlem River Company and Brooklyn water bonds are instances in these claims. Mrs. Irving, they say, will be made to tell where she first obtained such securities, if she has them.

Another sensational inquiry they will make is why Mrs. Dolmage was not attended before death by a physician, and how a certain death certificate, dated October, 1894, and now on file in the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Health Department, was obtained.

These heirs also want to know why they were not informed of the death of Mrs. Dolmage, or invited to the funeral. According to their statements, they experienced great difficulty months afterward in even ascertaining where the deceased woman was buried. Patient search and the assistance of the sexton of Trinity Church finally enabled them to discover where Mrs. Dolmage had been laid to rest, and also that she had not been attended by a physician.

The members of the Auld family also declare it is their intention to find out what has been done with certain valuable family plate of antique style, the intrinsic worth of which, they state, is great. This plate was saved from the British during the Revolutionary War by being buried. The Aulds will still further dispute that Mrs. Isabella Irving is the widow of a Yale professor, as she claims, on the ground that his name was Irvine.

When Mrs. Irving was acquainted with the foregoing alleged facts at her cozy little home, at No. 110 East Fifty-second street, she declined to speak. Mrs. Irving at first consented to examine written data, and also a copy of the Metropolitan Record, dated December 8, 1896, containing an obituary notice of the death of Professor J. Blakely Auld, father of the present heirs, and then sent out a female member of the household to say she positively declined to say one word.

Adam Dolmage, who married Isabella Auld, the decedent in the case, was a tutor in the family of Astor. He was of eccentric temperament, and had travelled extensively in Europe. He was supposed to have left a competency, but, according to Lawyers Wood & Hill, his estate was appraised at only \$1,500.

The father of Mrs. Dolmage was a prominent character in New York. His name was Blakely Auld, and he was a graduate of Columbia College. At his death, in 1896, he willed his rich library to the trustees of that school of learning. During the war he attained much prominence as an ultra anti-abolitionist, making many able speeches in support of his position. He then went South and accepted a temporary professorship in New Orleans.

During his life in New York, Auld was secretary to Mayors Fernando Wood, John T. Hoffman, Daniel F. Tiemann (the old ex-Mayor now living), and C. Godfrey Gunther.

BROKE A KNIFE IN HIS RIVAL.

Blade Stuck in a Bone of Wilson's Hand and a Section Was Cut Out.

Acting Captain Ryan and Detective Cunningham, of the Oak Street Station, were making a tour of their precinct Saturday night. They heard a crowd at No. 43 Oliver street. A young man named William Wilson, twenty-one years old, of No. 223 Henry street, had been struck in the palm of the right hand. The weapon had broken off at the surface of the flesh, leaving the greater part of it sticking in the bone of the thumb. The young fellow had been carried into the hallway of the house and was bleeding profusely. He said that he had been quarrelling with Frank Areana and John Polousa, of No. 42 Oliver street.

The police arrested both men and sent the injured man to the Hudson Street Hospital, where part of the bone of the thumb was removed.

In the Centre Street Court Wilson said that several months ago he had caused the arrest of Areana for keeping a disreputable resort. They had also quarrelled about a girl that Wilson purposes to marry, and had not met until the time of the attack Saturday night, when they came upon each other face to face. Wilson was sure that Areana had stabbed him and he was held for trial. Polousa was discharged.

BURNED THEIR MORTGAGE.

Members of the Second Street Methodist Church Free from Debt.

The Second Street Methodist Episcopal Church, between Avenue C and D, is out of debt. The last settlement to be made was a mortgage for \$5,000. This is paid and the paper upon which the mortgage was written was yesterday burned to ashes in the presence of the congregation while the choir and others in the church sang the hymn, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

Rev. A. C. Morehouse is the pastor of the church, to pay the debt was on hand last Friday and the mortgage paper was burned in the corner of Grand and West Broadway. The document was burned on a silver plate. Bishop Henry W. Warren delivered an address.